

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. 41y Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, 63 Park Row, New York, RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row, J. ANGUS SHAW Treasurer, 63 Park Row, JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row,

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#### A FIVE-CENT PHONE FOR ALL NEW YORK.

HE EVENING WORLD'S campaign for cheaper and uniform telephone rates throughout New York City has already gathered an army of supporters and allies.

So thoroughly is public opinion aroused that the Public Service Commission has announced a hearing for next Monday to which dozens of civic organizations are preparing to send representatives.

## But let New Yorkers see their case clearly and admit

Officials of the New York Telephone Company to gain time have suggested that the Interstate Commerce Commission be allowed to complete an investigation of telephone property and rates.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has already on its hands the gigantic task of valuing the railroads of the United States. That task is no short one. Commissioner Prouty said yesterday that in any case the Commission cannot touch the telephone lines for several

years. Is New York to be satisfied meanwhile with promises, and to wait Indefinitely for fair and equitable telephone rates?

#### Why drag in the Interstate Commerce Commissant

Can our own Public Service Commission refuse to undertake this matter of vital interest to the citizens of New York? Are New Yorkers asking for anything that is not in the plain jurisdiction of their own Commission?

The public is now enlightened to a point where it will no longer be content with sops and promises. It has learned what telephone companies in other cities can do, and do profitably, for their patrons. It knows that its telephone business is the biggest in the country.

New York has made up its mind to have a uniform five-cent rate for telephone calls throughout the length and breadth of the Greater City. Its patronage has long since justified the claim.

It now registers its demand with every right to expect prompt and definite results.

We can well understand the indignation of the bankers at the remarks of Mr Yoakum of the busted Frisco System to the effect that he kept himself and his railroad as close to the banking interests as possible.

Bankers know all about green goods. They don't keep 'em, but they sell 'em. What earthly excuse have experienced bankers for not passing the articles up when the greenness is too pronounced?

Trade customs vary. A rotten squash can be returned to the grocer But a rotten security must stick on in the hands of the perpetually "innocent" investor. To think of anybody classing bankers

#### THE PLIGHT OF COL. GOETHALS.

TE WONDER if any man on earth is in such a fix as Col. Goethals. Now that he is on the point of completing one of the greatest and most glorious tasks in the history of the world his proud and admiring country is at its wit's end to find something big enough for him to do next!

The builder of the Panama Canal, "the best equipped man in 'America," can, of course, have the job of managing the City of Dayton or possibly running the police force of New York, or even governing the Canal Zone. But the Colonel's friends and admirers will scho the esteemed Tribune: "These offices are all worthy of big men, but how pitifully inadequate they seem as fields for the exercise of

this man's genius." The situation is extraordinary. There is only one way out. It is up to the nation to undertake some new colossal wonder worthy of Col. Goethals. Otherwise this unhappy man will have nothing to do but sit himself down like Alexander after he had conquered the world and sigh for new ones.

Whether you say "Napoleona" or "Napoleana" or "Napoleonana," if you mean odds and ends "touchin' on and appertainin' to" Napoleon.

### WHAT PER CENT. GRAFT IN THIS ASPHALT?

HE John Doe inquiry is giving taxpayers an insight into the way roads are made in the Empire State.

It appears one of the first principles of good roadmaking is to frame specifications that will admit the asphalt of only one company and then systematically to complain to State officials if any other asphalt is used.

Experts testify that the presence of sulphur has nothing to do with good asphalt. But Barber asphalt being the only asphalt that contains more than two per cent. of sulphur, a convenient clause in the requirements demanding that amount gives the Barber Company the whole field and enables it to pay the McGuires half a cent rakeoff on every gallon of asphalt sold to the State or to State con-

on a tree he had planted for this pur-pose many years ago. In times of lel-sure there is nothing like preparing for Good roads are admitted to be a test of civilization. Measured by that standard New York stands low in the scale.

But what kind of roads are likely to result from materials selected by graft, mixed with graft and laid on a foundation of graft?

Who was the grafter, we wonder, who trimmed the contracts for the Applan Way?

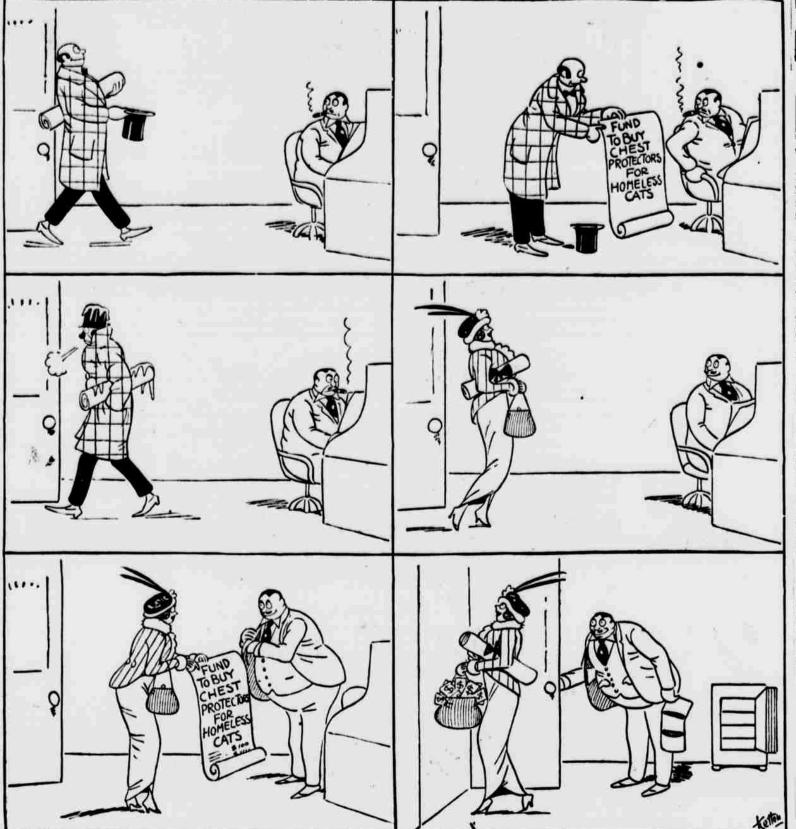
## Letters From the People

multiplied by itself (in per cent.) plus Some time ago the following problem to obvious that it is some number under the selling price (\$47.25). And for the sold a watch for \$47.25 and made as sake of experiment suppose we take many per cent, profit as the watch cost \$40.00x40 per cent, which equals \$15 dollars. What did it cost?" Of course profit. Added to cost (\$40) this will make arithmetic is largely a matter of common sense and one is privileged to make or use rules for solving problems added to the cost (\$35), equally \$17.25, which is correct. Therefore we have cost, \$25, and profit \$5 per cent, or in dullars. \$12.25, equalling \$47.25, the self-sing price of the watch.

WALTER A. WEBER.

## Such Is Life! A to Post Foot From Fortishing Co. | Company of the State of the Stat

By Maurice Ketten



Copyright, 1913, by The Frees Publishing Co. (The New York Levening World).

66T'M like Mr. Sinvinsky," said Mr.

tion is to me."

Jarr. "I don't see what use the Uptown Business Men's Associa-

"If you will excuse me, being a

stranger in your midst, as it were,"

spoke up Dr. Gumm, the dental new-

comer to the neighborhood, "I should say that such an organization would mean much to local business advance-

ment. Take my case: I am a graduate dentist. For four years I was first-

chair operator in the Paintess Perkins

myself. What better then for me than

I should at once join the Uptown Busi-

but Dr. Gumm affected not to hear the

"Git his money now!" whispered Gus;

"Sure, it's a good thing," said Bepler the butcher. "Look at Ed Jarr here.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

A Frenchman recently hanged himself

Mliadi says the hand that rocks the

Any dove of peace that saw Huerta's

picture would know that Mexico is no

Edison says "no man knows one seventh-millionth of one per cent. about

anything," but he waited until Rooseveit went to South America before he

said it.—Commercial Appeal (Memphis).

Though not ranking with the chrysanthemum, the red headed cabbage has undoubted charms of its own.—Chicago

Maybe people would have more faith

in the Weather Bureau if it were long

white whiskers and smoked a corncol

Anybody who can get up in the morn ing with a feeling of exhibaration has enough motive power to run him

Thirty-button boots are coming from

through the day.

cradie is the same that searches the

trousers pockets.

place to build a nest.

ness Men's Association?"

sibliant whisper.

Dental Studies. I am now locating for

## Now Mr. Jarr Has Lost Five Dollars! And It Was All His Own Fault, Too and then the war was ended. Will Conqueror, he was crowned Ring.

sin't I a member of the Uptown Busi-ness Men's Association? Well, I tell lar eighty, too. Then Muller comes in five dollars on account this week be-

## Great Masterpieces of Art

13-LADY HAMILTON AS A BACCHANTE, by Romney. by Tankerville Chamberlyne, (George Romney, English Portrait School, 1734-1802.)



Capright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. Ru Randolph Colclough Wilson.

wicided an inspired brush, for he was for years completely infatuated with when she met Lord Nelson in 1795 and her. The record that in attaitine excompletely enamoured the naval hero, list to-day in the forty-five paintings of forsaking both the heartbroken Romney the dazzling and radiant Lady Hamilton and her own husband. When Lord Nelson in 1795 and her own husband. When Lord Nelson here, worthing." "How did we know he played the planner or was a military guy?" asked Mullion and radiant Lady Hamilton and her own husband. When Lord Nelson here. We will be planed to military organizations? But you would military organizations? "How did we know he played the plane or who belong to military organizations?" But you would military organizations? Paris. They are for girls, not for fat by her artist lover.

life in 1.82, then a girs of twenty-one. She married Sir William Hamilton, Randolph Colclough Wilson.

HEN Homney put the bewittening features and strateful form of Lady Hamilton on canvas he and inspired brush, for he was the many remander to Naples, and with her extraordinary fascination and high position rapidly became known as the most beautiful woman in all Europe.

ause the gas and telephone bill has

Schmidt, the delicatessen dealer, he finds out Jarr owes us and so he won't give Jarr any more credit on butter and eggs, and so Jarr has to so off a "Sure it's a good thing," said Gus, unessy,

"The only way out of it for you," he added, turning to Mr. Jarr, "Is to pay "I should like to have you begin to ask to and join the Uptown Business Men's questions," was the polite reply.—Lipomoott's.

"But if I do I can't pay anything on account to Muller or Bepler," said Mr. Jarr.

And he yawned. It was a fatal move. A PROMINENT State official in a Southern mountain region reined in his horse one hot afternoon and inquired of a bare-

"You have a cavity in the second footed woman working in the field: "Madam, can you tell me how much farther it is to Johnson's Comers!"

Mr. Jarr saw the advisability of keeping his mouth shut; but it was gravely. too late now. The efficient young den- son, Jim, could tell you, though. Jim's been "Weal," drawled the other, "I durated the Van Dyke whiskers had aroun'. He's get sheer,"-Everybody's Magazine, bein't found it ret."-Youth's Companion a probe out of his pocket in a flash and, grasping Mr. Jarr by the lower jaw, he abbed the probe into the tooth that was minding its own business. And the next instant a thrill of pain shot through Mr Jarr's whole being, but centring in the cavity in the second lower blcuspid.

"There, now," said Dr. Gumm affably,
"you see the tooth was sensitive when
I touched the dental jelly." "Come," said Dr. Gumm, taking Mr. Jarr by the arm. "We must attend to that fellow at once. My little office is just around the corner in the front room of the flat across the hall room from where my friend Mr. Dinkston has opened his sign language studio.

And he led Mr. Jarr out. "By gollies! That fellow don't need no association!" cried Mr. Slavinsky,

gasing in admiration after the affably urgent Dr. Gumm. "He comes right in this place and he ain't sit in his chair yet or bought a drink or offered to even. but he hears Fd Jarr has a five-dollar bill, and-past!-he gives him a toothache and yanks him away to yank the tooth and get the money! "Bummer, it's your fault!" cried Gus,

turning angrily to Mr. Michael Angelo Dinkston. "You brought that feller with the sharp whiskers here. Now I got a toothache, too!"

"I beg your pardon," replied Mr. Dink-ston suavely. "But if you had studied the sign language you would have comprehended the symbolic gestures I made when I came in with Dr. Gumm. "I didn't hear them," growled Gus

15.—A Shipwreck That Led to the Conquest of England. BIG, yellow-haired man was shipwrecked off the Norman coast in 1064. He was on what might now be called a yachting cruis-His fragile little ship ran on the Norman rocks. And as an indirect result England was, two years later, plunged in a war that made it, for the time, a mere province of Normandy.

The yellow-haired man was Harold, son of an old Saxon politician. Earl Godwin. Godwin had run England pretty much to suit himself. At his death Harold took the reins of power into his own hands, although the nominal King was weak old Edward the Confessor, whose subjects were rough, unruly Saxons, ever quarrelling among themselves.

Across the channel, in Normandy, a hawk-faced, unscrupulous adventurer-descendant of a line of pirates-was watching England as a cat watches a mouse. He was William, Duke of Normandy, son of "Robert the Devil." William was a distant relative of childless old Edward and regarded himself-or claimed to regard himself-as the rightful heir to the English throne.

By the law of nations, in those days, anything or anybody cast up on the shores of a country became at once the property of that country's ruler. Thus Harold, shipwrecked on the Norman coast, was brought at once as a prisoner

William might legally have held him for ransom, or might even have sold him into slavery. He was too shrewd to do either. Instead, he treated Harold as a guest of honor, merely asking him, as a favor, to indorse William's claim to the English crown in the

A Broken Promise.

event of Edward's death. Harold knew better than to refuse. For William had a quick and thorough way of dealing with people was disobeyed him; and Harold had no desire to die. So he

gave the required pledge-and was permitted to go back in safety to England. Soon afterward King Edward the Confessor died, having at the last been cajoled into appointing Harold as his successor to the throne. Harold did not trouble himself about the piedge he had given the Norman duke, but at esse had himself crowned King of England. William sent to remind him of the promise. Harold paid no heed to the reminder.

Meantime, William had been stirring heaven and earth Church and his own subjects—to help him make good his claim on England.

And he used Harold's broken promise as the chief argument in favor of the undertaking. It was a day when solemn pledges carried heavy weight. Harold's broken pledge proved to be William's strongest—and his only really effective. tive-argument in rallying his unwilling barons to the invasion of England and in securing Papal sanction for the expedition.

Harold, shipwrecked and at William's mercy, had given a promise. Harold, secure among his own people, had repudiated the promise. And William is-

Mountime, Harold was having troubles of his own. One of his brothers, Tostig, had quarrelled with him and had stirred up the King of Norway against him. The Norwegians invaded England at one point just before the Normans invaded it at another. Harold hurried north against the Norwegian army and smashed it to atoms, killing both Tostig and the King of Norway. Then he turned and, marching at full speed, met the invading Nor

near Hastings two days later. On a steep hillside facing toward the sea and with a forest behind st, that October morning in 1066, Harold massed his Saxon host, directly in William's path. William, with 60,000 men at his back, charged up from the plain below

and sought to dislodge the defenders from their strong position. All day the battle raged. All day the steel-clad Norman warriors buried themselves against the human wall that girt the hillside. Yelling "Out!

and a Trick.

Out!" the English beat back their foss with terrifle slaughter. For hours William fought dogsedly on, losing men by the thousand and making no impression at all on the close-packed ranks of his foes. The English axemen bewed to pieces the Norman knights that crashed against their line, lopping off heads, arms and legs as a woodsman dismembers a tree. Fifteen thousand Normans-fully 25 per cent

of the invading army-lay dead on the field before the battle ended. At last one wing of William's army fled in terror. The Saxons, directly opposite them, gave chase. In the open ground below the hill the pursuers were easily cut to pieces by the armored knights of Normands. This gave William a desperate last hope. Drawing back his troops, he pretended to re-fensive, rushed down the hill in a confusion of pursuit. In the plain they were easily vanquished. Then a chance arrow slew Harold; and the battle was over. The backbone of Saxon power was crushed. A few lesser fights followed and then the war was ended. William had seized England and, as William the

# The Day's Good Stories

### Polite Bertha.

ITTLE Bertha was invited out to dinner with ber father and mother. Before she went. thly for a while, but when some time elapse-

Prepared for Travel.

## A Matter of Tenses.

THE Southern darker's love of putting off till next spring or later what should be done and hring back a drill that was to be sharpened.

About half an hour later the major saw Eeb come poking around the corner of the office.

"Here," he shouted, "where have you been?" "I ain't been, how," responded Zeb, cheerfully. "I's gwine."—Lippincott's.

Among the Missing.

Two after a cyclone had visited that pa

Out lets an out lets and person to the said finally, "I can't. My new harn o' yourn get hur, any?"

The woman leaned on her hoe and pondored tatirely. "By the way, Hi," he added, to woman leaned on her hoe and pondored tatirely. "By the way, "Hi," he added, to work the way, "I can't. My new harn o' yourn get hur, any?"

Youth's Companion. said one, stroking his whiskers "By the way, Hi," he added,

## The May Manton Fashions



Pattern No. 8085-Fancy Blouse, 34 to 40 bust.

ragian slewes
that extend to the
neck is a new one,
extremely a mart.
This one includes a
full yest that can be full vest that can be made from net or any similar material, which gives a very dainty effect. The frill at the neck is a feature aiso. The long sleeves are somewhat unusual, being slashed and pattern of the state plaited to give a three-quarter length are simply finished with attached cuffs. In the picture bro-caded charmeuse is made with a lace vest and frill. For the medium

made with

require 3% yards of material 27, 2% yards 35, 21s yards
44 inches wide, with
1 yard 27 inches
wide for the vest
and neck frill.

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